

The most Famous

HISTORY

OF THE

Learned Fryar Bacon:

SHEWING

His Parentage and Birth: How he came to be a Scholar, and to study the Magic-Art; with the many wonderful Things he did in his Life-time, to the Amazement of the whole World; in making a Brazen-Head, to have walled all *England* with Brass: With his Penitent Death.

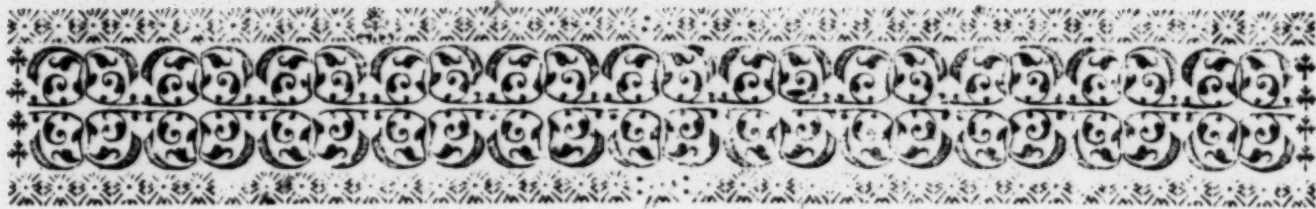
ALSO

The Merry Waggeries of his Man *Miles*, and the Exploits of *Vander-master* a *German*, and Fryar *Bongy*, an *English* Conjurer. With the Manner of their woful Deaths, as a Warning to others.

Being all very profitable and pleasant to the Reader.



Newcastle upon Tyne, Printed and Sold by J. White.



The most Famous

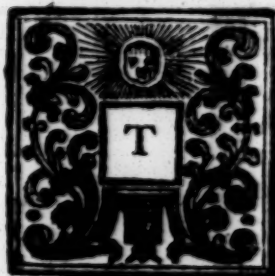
H I S T O R Y

OF THE

Learned Fryar Bacon.

C H A P. I.

Fryar Bacon's Parentage and Birth; by what Means, contrary to the Mind of his Father, he became so great a Scholar. How the King sent for him from Oxford, to shew him his Art; and in what wonderful Manner he pleased his Five Senses: And the comical Pranks he play'd with a Courtier sent to fetch him, &c.



THE Famous Fryar Bacon, whose Name has spread thro' the whole World, was born in *Lancashire*, his Father's Name was *Ralph Bacon*; and his Name *Roger*: From his Infancy he was observed to have a profound pregnant Wit; and as he grew up, a great Reader of Books, and desirous of Learning, which, to Admiration, he took so fast, that his School-master could teach him no farther; and being about to send him home with Commendations to his Father, he fearing the worst, humbly besought him, he would prevail, if possible, with his Father, that he might be sent to the University, where he had a great desire to learn the liberal Sciences.

His School-master denied him not his Request; and coming home with him, took the old Man aside, and told him he had learned his Son as far as he was able, and that he took it in extremely well, and was desirous to improve it at the University, and he was verily persuaded by the Promptness he perceived in him, if he would be at a little Charge with him there, he would be so great a Proficient, as would advance him to an eminent Station.

The

The old Man heard this with some Indignation, but concealed his Anger 'till the School-maſter was gone, and then taking his Son to task, ſaid, How now, Sirrah! Have not I been at Coſt enough with you already, but you are itching to put me to more? Methinks I have given you ſuch Learning as to enable you, in Time, to be a Conſtable or Church-warden of the Pariſh, and far out-do thoſe in Office that can neither Read nor Write, let that then ſuffice; as for the reſt, your Buſineſs, for the future, is to learn Horſe-Language, and to whistle well, that you may be dextrous at driving Plough and Cart, managing Sheep and Oxen; for, Sirrah, continued he, have I any Body elſe to leave my Farm to, but you? And yet you take upon you, Forſooth, to be a Scholar, and conſequently a Gentleman (for they all profeſs themſelves ſo, tho' never ſo beggarly, living lazily, eating up the Fat of other Mens Labours.) Marry gaup! Goodman Two-ſhoes, your great Grandfather, your Grandfather and I, have thought it no ſcorn to dig and delve, and pray what are you better than us? Here, Sirrah; take this Whip, and go with me to Plough, or I ſhall ſo lace your fine Scholarship, that you had better this had never been mentioned to me.

Young *Bacon* was much diſpleaſed, and highly grieved, but durſt not reply, as knowing his Father a very haſty choleric old Man; however, this Sort of Living ſo little agreed with his ſprightly Genius, that in a little Time he gave him the Slip, and going to a Monastery, making his Deſires known to the Superior, he kindly entertain'd him, and made him a Brother of the Society of *Auguſtine* Fryars; there he profited ſo much, that in a few Years he was ſent to *Oxford*, to ſtudy at their Charge, where he ſoon grew ſo great a Proſicient, that his Fame ſpread not only in the Univerſity, but alſo over *England*, and came to the Ears of the King *Edward* the Third, who then reigned, and he taking a Progreſs with his Queen and Nobles, was deſirous to ſee him, and have an Experiment of his Art: So being at a Nobleman's Houſe, within four Miles of that City, he ſent a Gentleman of his Bed-Chamber, to deſire him to come to him: The Knight delayed not the Meſſage, and finding him at his Study, did his Errand. The Fryar told him he would wait on his Maſter, and bid him make great Haſte, or he ſhould be there before him. At this he laughed, being well mounted, ſaying, Scholars and Travellers might lie by Authority. Well, ſaid Fryar *Bacon*, to convince you, I will not only be there before you, ride as faſt as you can, but I will there ſhew you the Cook-maid you lay with laſt, tho' now ſhe is buſy about dreſſing the Dinner at Sir *William Belton's*, a hundred Miles diſtant from this Place. Well, ſaid the Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber, I doubt not but one will prove as true as the other; and ſo mounting, rode laughing away, and thinking

tc.

to be at the King's Quarters in a short Space, spurred his Horse violently, but suddenly a Mist arose, that he knew not which Way to ride, and missing the Way, turning down a By-lane, rode over Hedge and Ditch, backward and forward, 'till the Charm was dissolved.

When the Fryar came into the King's Presence, he did him Obeisance, and was kindly welcomed by him; then said the King, Worthy *Bacon*, having heard much of your Fame, the Cause of my sending for you, was to be a Spectator of some fine Curiosities in your Art. The Friar humbly excused himself at first; but the King pressing it, promising on his Royal Word, that no harm should come to him, he bid them all keep silence, and waving his Magic Wand, there presently, to their great Amazement ensued the most melodious Music they had ever heard in their Lives, which continued very ravishing about half an Hour; then waving his Wand, another kind of Music was heard, and presently Dancers in Antic Shapes, as at a Masquerade, entred the Room, and having danced incomparably well, they vanished: then the third time waving his Wand again, louder Music was heard, and whilst that play'd, a Table was placed by an invisible Hand, and richly cover'd with all the Dainties that could be thought on; then he bid the King and Queen draw their Seats near, and partake of the Provisions he had provided for their Highnesses; which they did, and all thereupon vanished: The fourth time he waved, and thereupon the Place was perfumed with all the *Sweets* of *Arabia*, or that the whole World could yield: then waving it the fifth Time, came in *Russians*, *Persians*, *Polanders*, with the finest soft Furs, Silks, and Down of rare Fowl, &c. which he bid them feel, and then the Strangers dancing after their own Country Fashion, vanished.

In this sort Fryar *Bacon* pleased their five Senses to their Admiration, and high Satisfaction, so that the King proffered him Money, but he refused, saying, He could not take it: However the King pressed on him a Jewel of great Value, commanding him to wear it as a mark of his Favour: Whilst this was doing, the Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber came in puffing and blowing, all bemired and dirty, his Face and Hands scratched with Bushes and Briers. The King at this Sight demanded why he staid so long, and how he came in that Condition? O plague, said he, take Fryar *Bacon* and all his Devils; they have led me a fine Dance, to the endangering my Neck; but here the Dog is, and I'll be revenged on him; whereupon he laid his Hand on his Sword, but *Bacon* waving his Wand, charmed it in his Scabbard that he could not draw it, saying, I fear not your Anger, it is best for you to be quiet, lest a worse Thing befall you: Then he told the King how he had given him the Lie, when he told him he would be there before him. Whilst he was thus speaking,

in came the Cook-wench, brought by a Spirit at the Window, with a Spit and a roasted Shoulder of Mutton on it; being thus surprized, as she was just taking it up, and wishfully staring about her, and espying the Gentleman, cried, O my sweet Knight, are you here? Pray Sir, remember your Promise to provide Linnen and other Necessaries for me, our stolen Pleasures have swelled, and I have but two Months to reckon; and hereupon she made towards him to embrace him, but he turning aside, she was carried out at another Window to her Master's House again.



This caused Amazement and Laughter, though the Gentleman was much ashamed and confounded, to be thus exposed, still muttering Revenge: But Fryar Bacon told him, his best way was to put up all, since he had verified both his Promises, and bid him have a Care how he gave a Scholar the Lye again.

The King and Queen much pleased with their Entertainment, highly commending his Art, and promising him their Favour and Protection, took their Leave of the Fryar, returning to London, and he to his Study at Brazen-Nose College.



C H A P. II.

How Fryar Bacon put a comical Trick upon his Man Miles, who, pretending Abstinence on the Fasting-Days, concealed Victuals in his Pocket to eat in a Corner. How he saved a Gentleman who had given himself to the Devil for Money, and put a Trick on the old Deceiver of Mankind.

FRYAR Bacon kept a Man to wait on him, who, tho' but a simple Fellow, yet a merry Droll, and full of Waggeries; his Name was Miles, and tho' his Master and those of the Order often fasted on set Days, Miles loved his Guts too well to pinch them, and tho' outwardly he seem'd

to

to fast for Compliance, he always kept a private Reserve to eat in a Corner, which *Bacon* knew by his Art, and resolved to put a Trick upon him: It so happened on *Good-Friday* in *Lent*, a strict Fast was held, and *Miles* seem'd very devout to keep it: For when his Master bid him take a Bit of Bread and a Sip of Wine early in the Morning, to keep him from fainting, he refused it, saying, he was a great Sinner, and therefore ought to do more than this for his Mortification, and to gain Absolution, making a great many Pretences of Sanctity, and how well inclined he was to keep the holy Fast; It's well, said the Fryar, if I catch you not tripping. Hereupon *Miles* went to his Cell, pretending to pray, but indeed to eat a large Pudding he had concealed, which had no sooner entred his Mouth at one end, but it stuck fast there; he could neither eat it, nor get it out; the Use of his Hands failed, and he was taken with a Shivering all over; so that thinking he should have died presently, he cry'd piteously out for Help: Whereupon Fryar *Bacon* calling the Scholars together, went in to see what was the Matter, and perceiving him in that Plight, said, smilingly, Now I see what a penitent Servant I have, who was so conscientious he would not touch a Bit of Bread, but would willingly have devoured two Pounds of Pudding to have broken his Fast. *Miles* pitiouly intreated him to dissolve the Charm, and deliver him, and he would never do so any more: Nay, said the Fryar, you shall do Penance for this e'er I part from you, and as you like it, so proceed again; so taking hold of the End of the Pudding that hung down, he led him out to the Scholars, saying, See here's a queasie stomach'd Fellow that would not touch a Bit of Bread to-day. When they saw him in that Plight, they all fell heartily a laughing; but Fryar *Bacon* not so contented, led him to the College-Gate, and by Inchantment, fixed the End of the Pudding to the Bar, he was as firmly tied by it, as if it had been a Cable-rope; and on his back he placed these Lines:

*This is Fryar Bacon's Man, who vow'd to Fast,
But for Dissembling, thus is took at last;
The Pudding more Religion had than he,
Though he would eat, it will not down you see:
Then of Hypocrisy pray all beware,
Lest like Disgrace be each Dissembler's Share.*

Miles all this while was jeered and sported with by the Scholars and Towns-People; but after four Hours Penance his Master dissolved the Charm, and released him, and he ever after kept the Fasts, not so much out of Religion, as for fear that a worse Trick should be put upon him.

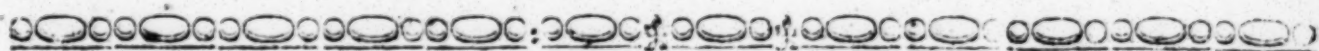
When

When *Fryar Bacon* flourished at *Oxford*, a young Gentleman by his Prodigality having run out his Estate, and much into Debt, grew exceeding pensive and melancholy, purposing to make himself away to end his Miseries, and the Scorns that were put upon him by his former Companions, and being utterly cast off by his Friends; so walking by a Wood Side, full of Sorrow, he met, as he thought, an old Man in good Cloathing, who saluted him, and demanded the Cause of his Melancholy, and why he walked so solitary. At first he refused to tell him, as thinking he would do him no good; but he urged it, and promising to assist him if he wanted any Thing: He said, I am in Want; I want fine Cloaths as I used to have; I want Money to buy Food, pay Debt, redeem my mortgaged Land, and many Things more: Can you help me to enough to do it? I can, said the old Man, on Condition. What's that? said the Gentleman, if it be any Thing tolerable, I shall not refuse it; for I cannot be well worse, or in more Hardship than I am. Why, said the other, the Matter is not much; you shall only oblige yourself when I have furnished you with Money to do all that you have named, and you have paid every one you owe a Farthing to, to become obedient to me, and be dispos'd of at my Pleasure. Now the young Man taking him for an Usurer, and very rich, supposed this Obligation was only a fetch to marry his Daughter, or some Kinswoman of his, which he could be well contented to take, not doubting to have a good Portion, and scrupled not to yield to his Desire. Upon this, he bid him meet him the next Morning about the same Time, where he would have the Writing ready, and upon signing, he should have the Money; so they parted, and the Gentleman delay'd not to be there, without asking Advice, and was punctually met: But when he saw the Writing in Blood he began to start a little; but the old Man, as he supposed him to be, told him, it was only a Whim of his own to have it so written, to distinguish it from other Mens, and put his Debtors more in mind to repay him the Money he lent them. Upon this Speech, and the Gentleman's seeing store of Gold and Silver brought by three or four whom he suppos'd his Servants, believed it: *But how, said he, shall I write the same?* O, said he, *let me see, I'll prick your right Vein;* which he did, whilst the Gentleman found an unusual Trembling, and inward Remorse in his Mind; when, however, taking the bloody Pen in his Hand, he desperately subscribed and sealed the Writing. Then telling the Money into a Cloak-bag, he laid it on his Horse, and they with much Ceremony, took leave of each other. The Gentleman laughed in his Sleeve, to think how he would find him out, seeing he had not asked, nor himself told him, where he lived.

Soon after he summoned his Creditors, paid them to a Farthing, redeemed

ed his Land, went Gallant, and recover'd his Esteem in the World; But as he was looking over his Writings in his Closet one Evening, he heard somebody rap at the Door, when opening it, he saw the Party he had borrowed the Money of, with the Writing in his Hand, and asked what he would have, he told him he was now come to demand him, and he must go with him, for to his Knowledge he had paid his Debts, and done whatever else was agreed to. The Gentleman wondred how he should come to know this so soon, denied it: Nay, replied he fiercely, deny it not, for I will not be cheated of my Bargain; and thereupon changing into an horrible Shape, struck him almost dead with Fear, for now he perceived it was the Devil; then he told him, if he met him not in the same Place he lent him the Money, on the Morrow, he would the next Day come and tear him to Pieces; and, says he, if I prove not what I say, you shall be quiet, and so vanished out of the Window in a Flash of Fire, with horrible Bellowings. The Gentleman seeing himself in this Case, began bitterly to weep, and wished he had rather been contented in his poor Condition, than have taken such a desperate Way to enrich himself, and was almost at his Wits End. When Fryar Bacon, knowing by his Art what passed, came to comfort him, and having heard the whole Story, bid him not despair, but pray and repent of his Sins, and he would contrive to shew the Devil a Trick that should release him from his Obligation. This greatly comforted the Gentleman, and he promis'd to do whatsoever he would order him. Then; says he, meet at the set Time, and I will be near; offer to put the Decision of the Controversy to the next that comes by, and that shall be myself, and I will find a Way infallibly to give it on your Side. Accordingly he met, and the Devil consented to put it to Arbitration; then Friar Bacon appearing, Lo! said the Gentleman, here is a proper Judge, this learned Friar shall determine it, and if it goes against me you shall have free Liberty to do with me as you please. Content, said the Devil. Then both of them told him their Story, and the Writings were produced, with all the Acquittances he had taken; for the Devil, contrary to his Knowledge, had stolen them and the other Writings belonging to his Estate, out of his Closet: The Fryar well weighing the Matter, ask'd the Gentleman, whether he had paid the Devil the Money he had borrow'd of him? No, reply'd he, not one Farthing: Why then, said he, Mr. Devil, his Debts are not discharged, you are the principal Creditor, and according to this Writing, you can lay no Claim to him, 'till such Time as every Farthing of his Debts are discharged. How! how! replies the Devil, am I outwitted then? O Fryar, thou art a crafty Knave: And thereupon he vanish'd in a Flame, raising a mighty Tempest of Thunder, Lightning, and Rain, so that

that they were wet through, before they could get to Shelter. Then *Bacon* charged him he should never pay the Devil a Farthing of his Debt, whatever Shape he came in, or Artifice he used to wheedle him out of it, and then he could have no Power over him. The Gentleman upon this, living a temperate frugal Life, grew very Rich, and leaving no Children at his Death, he bequeathed his Estate to *Brazen-Nose* College, because Fryar *Bacon*, a Member of it, had delivered him from so great a Danger of Body and Soul.



C H A P. III.

How Fryar Bacon framed a Brazen Head, which by Enchantment was to speak, and by that Means all England had been walled with Brass, if the Folly of his Man Miles, who was set to watch the Head, had not disappointed it by not giving timely Notice to his Master to answer it; and for which he was struck dumb many Days.

FRYAR *Bacon* being now a profound Proficient in the Art of Magick, and many other Sciences, contriv'd with one Fryar *Borgy*, who was his Pupil, to do something memorable for the Good of his Country; and many Things they cast in their Mind; at last they remembered that *England* had been often harassed and invaded by the *Romans*, *Saxons*, *Danes*, *Normans*, and other Nations at sundry Times, to the great Effusion of Blood, and often Alteration of the Constitution of Governments, and if any Thing might be contrived to prevent the like for the Future, they by it should raise a lasting Monument to their Names.

Bacon upon this, concluded to frame a Head of Brass, and if by their Art they could cause it to speak and answer their Demands, they would require that all the Sea-girt Shoars of *England* and *Wales* should be walled with Brass, and Brazen Towers be raised on the Frontiers of *Scotland*, to hinder the Incurfions and Rovings of the hardy *Scots*. They labour'd to do this by Art, but could not; and so they conjur'd up a Spirit to enquire of the infernal Council, whether it might be done, or not. The Spirit however was unwilling to answer, till *Bacon* threaten'd him with his Charms, to bind him in Chains in the Sea, or to a burning Rock, and make him the Sport of wrecking Whirlwinds. Terrified by this Means, he said, of himself, he could not give them a positive Answer, but must enquire of his Lord *Lucifer*. They hereupon granted him two Days for an Answer, and accordingly he return'd this, viz.

If they for two Months would carefully watch the Head, it should in that Time speak; but the certain Time would not be known to them, and then if they heard it, and made their Demands, what they desired should be answered. At this they rejoiced much, and watch'd by turns very carefully for six Weeks, and no Voice was utter'd; at length, tired out and broken for want of their natural Rest, they concluded that some other might watch as well as they, till they refreshed themselves with Repose, and call them when the Head began to speak, which would be time enough; and because this was a Secret they did not care for having known, till they saw what they could make of it, *Bacon* propos'd his Man *Miles*, and *Bongy* approv'd it; so they call'd him, and told him the Nature of the Brazen Head, and what was intended by it; giving him a strict Charge, on his Life, as soon as ever he heard it speak, to awake them. For that, said he, Master, let me alone, and I'll warrant you I shall do your Business for you effectually, never fear it. So he got him a long Sword by his Side to guard him, and a Tabour and Pipe to play and keep him waking if any Drowsiness should overtake him.

The Charge being given him, and he thus accouter'd, the two Fryars went to rest in the next Apartment, within Call. *Miles* upon this, began to pipe and sing merry Songs of his Sweethearts, and Frolicks he had had, viz.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. BESSY, that is so frolick and gay, [play;
Like a Cat she loves with her Tail to
Tho' sometimes she pout and frown,
All's well if you'll lay her down.</p> | <p>2. She'll never say nay, but sport and play:
O <i>Bessy</i> to me is the Queen of <i>May</i>;
For <i>Margery</i> she is peevish and proud;
Come Fiddlers then, and scrape to the croud.</p> |
|--|--|

Whilst his Merriment past, after a hoarse Noise, like Thunder almost spent, the Head spoke distinctly these two Words, viz. *Time is*. O ho! says *Miles*, is this all the News you tell me? Well, Copper-Nose, has my Master taken all this Pains about you, and you can speak no wiser? Dost thou think that I am such a Fool to break his sweet Slumber for this? No, speak wiser; or he shall sleep on. *Time is*, quotha! Why, I know *Time is*, and that you shall hear, Goodman Kettle-Jaws.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. TIME is for some to gain;
Time is for some to lose;
Time is for some to hang,
But then they cannot choose.</p> <p>2. Time is to go on Score;
Time is when one shou'd pay:</p> | <p>Time is to Reckon too;
But few care for that Day.</p> <p>3. Time is to graft the Horn
Upon another's Head:
Time is to make Maids Bellies swell;
Oh, then 'tis Time they're wed.</p> |
|--|--|

Hear'st thou this, Goodman Copper-Nose? We Scholars know when
Time

Time is, without thy babbling, we know when it is Time to drink good Sack, eat well, and kiss our Hostesses, to run on the Score; but when it is Time to pay 'em, that Time with us comes but very seldom. While he thus merrily discoursed, about half an Hour after, the same noise began as before, and the Head said, *Time was*. Well, said Miles, this Blockish Head is the foolishhest Thing that ever my wife Matter troubled himself about. How would he have laugh'd had he been here to hear it prate so simply? Therefore, thou brazen-faced Ass, speak wiser, or I shall ne'er trouble my Head to wake him; *Time was*, quotha! Thou Ass thou, I know that and so you shall hear, for I find my Master has watched and tutored thee to a fine Purpose.

1. **T**IME was when thou a Kettle
Was wont to hold good Matter;
But Fryar Bacon did thee spoil
When he thy Sides did batter.

2. Time was when Conscience dwell'd
With Men of each Vocation;
Time was when Lawyers did not thrive
So well by Mens Vexation.

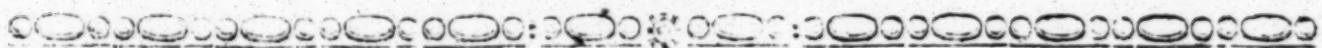
3. Time was when Charity
Was not deny'd a Being;
Time was when Officers kept no Knaves,
That Time was worth the seeing.

4. Time was when Wives did know no Bed,
But what their Husbands lay in:
Time was when they at Home did keep,
And not Abroad by playing.

Ay, ay, and Time was, for many other Things: But what of that, Goodman *Brazen-Face*? Well, I see my Master has plac'd me here upon a very foolish Account, I think I had as good go to sleep too, as to stay watching to no Purpose. Whilst he thus scoffed and taunted, the Head spoke a Third time, and said, *Time is past*, and so with a horrible Noise, fell down and broke in Pieces. Whereupon ensued lamentable Shrieks and Cries, Flashes of Fire, and rattling as of Thunder, which awaking the two Fryars, they came running in, in great Disorder, found Miles rowling on the Floor in a stinking Pickle, almost dead with Fear, and the Head lie shattered in a thousand Pieces about the Room; then having brought him to his Senses again, they demanded how this came. Nay, the Devil knows better than I; for I believe he was in this plaguy Head, for when it fell, it gave a Bounce like a Cannon. Slave and Wretch that thou art, says Bacon, trifle not with my Impatience; Did you hear it speak, Varlet? Answer to that.

Why truly, said Miles, it did speak; but very simply, in Consideration you have been so long a tutoring of it, I protest I could have learn'd a Jackdaw to have spoke better in two Days. It said, *Time is*. Oh Villain! says Bacon, hadst thou called me then, all England had been walled with Brass to my immortal Fame: Then continued Miles, about half an Hour after, it said *Time was*. Oh Wretch! How my Anger burns against thee; hadst thou but called me then, it might have done what I desired. Then, said he, it said, *Time's past*; and so fell down with the horrible Noise

that has wak'd you, and made me, I'm sure, before my Breach, and therefore since there is such ado about *Time*, I thought I should retire and clean my self. Well, Villain! says *Bacon*, you have cost all our Cost and Pains by thy foolish Negligence. Why, I thought it would not have stopped when it began, but you came on and told me some pleasant Story, or have commanded me to stay you, and I would have done it; but I see the Devil is a cunning Sophister, all Hell would not allow him Tinkers and Brals enough to do this Work, and therefore he has put this Trick upon us to get off from his Promise. How, Slave! said *Bacon*, are you at your Buffoonery, now you have done me this great Injury? Sirrah, because you thought the Head spoke not enough to induce you to call us, you shall speak less for two Months Space. And with Inchantment, he struck him dumb to the End of that Time, and would have done worse, had not *Bungy* had Compassion on the Fellow's Simplicity, and perswaded him from it.



C H A P. IV.

How the King of England warring in France, laid Siege to a strong Town, and despairing of taking it, he sent for Fryar Bacon, by whose Stratagem it was won. How the French Ambassador came into England, and brought one Vandermafter a German Conjuror, with him. How he contended with Bacon, - but was overcome by him, and his own Spirit he raised compelled by Bacon to carry him into Germany.

THE King of *England* warring with *France*, and besieging a strong Town, was manfully resisted by the *French*; so that after a long Battery, and many cruel Assaults, losing a great Number of his best Men, he began to despair of taking it, but thought it a Shame, after so much Expence, to draw off from before it. When musing on this Matter, the famous Art Fryar *Bacon* used came into his Mind, and admiring his Wit and Learning, he concluded he might invent some Stratagem to facilitate the Surrender; and thereupon dispatched a Pursuivant at Arms with Letters, requiring him speedily to come to his Camp, for he had Matters of great Importance, to consult with him about, that he did not think fit to commit to Paper and Ink, lest his Letters might be intercepted.

Bacon having read the King's Letter, obeyed the Summons, and arrived, by his Art, at the Camp long before the Messenger return'd; for putting a Charm into his Fryar's upper Vestment, he spread it on the Ground by a Wood-side, out of the Sight of any Spies, and placing himself on it,

it rose with him, and carried him as he directed; so that in a few Hours he was set down within a Mile of the besieged Town; then dissolving the Charm, he put on his Gown, and went to wait on the King, who received him joyfully; and so they fell to consult how the Town might be taken.

Bacon soon found out Means to facilitate it; for having ordered a Mount to be made at some Distance to overlook the Walls, he could from thence discern almost every Thing that was done in the Town. Whereupon desiring the King to get all Things in a Readiness for a vigorous Assault when he should wave a Flag, he fell to Work, and with burning Glasses fired the Town-House, and most of the best Buildings, which put the People into such a Consternation, concluding there was Treachery amongst themselves, that whilst they left the Walls to quench the Fire, *Bacon* taking the Advantage from the Mount, waved his Flag as a Signal. The Assaultants fell on with Scaling-Ladders and other Engines; and possessing the Gates, opened them to their Companions, so that the whole Army entered the City, and soon became Masters of it. But at *Bacon's* Intercession, the King gave strict Command, that religious Men, Women, and Children, should not be injured, nor any other not found in Arms. The taking this Town made the *French* King sue for Peace; and that concluded, the King with *Bacon*, and his Army, unless those left in the Garrison, returned into *England* in Triumph, where the Fryar for his Service was much Esteemed, Honoured, and Rewarded.

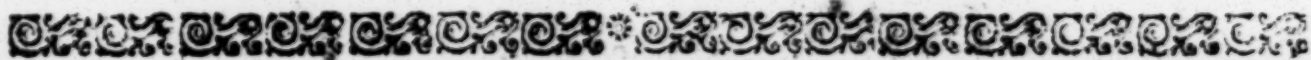
Whilst the King was settling Affairs at home, the *French* King sent a splendid Ambassador after him, to keep up a good Correspondence between the two Crowns: And the Ambassador having heard of *Bacon's* Fame, brought with him one *Vandermaister* a *German*, skilled in Magick, as he boasted himself, above all Men of his Age. This Man he preferred to the King, to shew him some Tryals of his Art, extolling him above the Skies. The Queen hearing this, perswaded the King to send for *Bacon* privately, which he did, so that he was introduced into the Room where the *German* was to exercise his Art; but in such a Disguise, that but few could know him. The King desired to see *Pompey* the Great, *Vandermaister* raised him in *Roman* Arms, so that he stalked Majestically about the Room, as if he dared any one to the Combat; when *Bacon* secretly raising the Ghost of *Julius Caesar*, armed at all Points in like Manner; at which Sight *Pompey* look'd Pale; However, they fought desperately 'till *Pompey* being put to the worse, vanish'd, and after him *Caesar*. Then *Vandermaister* complained to the King, that there was some Man of Art in the Place, that endeavoured to hinder him, and therefore desired his Majesty, that he would command him to appear; for he challenged him openly to
try

try his Art with him: Upon which, the King called amongst the Crowd for Fryar *Bacon*, who immediately presented himself; and the other said, Now will I do a Thing that thou can'st not answer. Said *Bacon*, I have one Inferior to me shall do any Thing in Art with thee, and 'till he has try'd I will not meddle. This was agreed to, and Fryar *Bungy*, whom *Bacon* had brought with him, being the youngest, was to begin first; so practising his Charms, he raised the *Hesperian* Tree with golden Apples, and at the Foot of it a waking Dragon to guard it. Now, says *Bungy*, let me see who dares to gather this Fruit? I shall raise up one, said *Vandermaister*, to do it: Then up came the Ghost of *Hercules*, clad in his Ly-



on's Skin, with his Club on his Shoulder, being of a mighty Stature; and *Bacon* perceived it would be done to the Disgrace of his Companion, if he prevented it not, made a strong Charm about the Circle, whereupon *Hercules* advancing towards the Tree, stopped, and was fearful of going far-

farther. *Vandermaſter* ſeeing this, urged him to go on, and do his Com-
mands, or he would torment him, but with a hideous Cry he declared he
could not, for great *Bacon* with his more powerful Charms obſtructed his
Way. Now whiſt the *German* was fretting, fuming, raging, and ſtamp-
ing, at the Spirit's Backwardneſs, *Bacon* ſaid, Well, I ſee he will not do
you Kindneſs for your own Sake, but for mine he ſhall. Then waving
his Wand, he commanded the Spirit to take up *Vandermaſter* and carry
him to *Germany*; when immediately it hurried out of the Door, and hoisted
him into the Air, crying to *Bacon* to recal the Spirit. The *French* Am-
baſſador ſeemed diſpleaſed at this, ſaying, *He would not have it for half his*
Eſtate. *Monſieur*, ſays *Bacon*, *he ſhall receive no Hurt; I have only ſent him*
into Germany to ſee his Wife and Children, and when you pleaſe I will fetch
him back again. The Ambaſſador ſtood amazed at this, when the King
merrily ſaid, Now, Sir, you plainly ſee my *Engliſh-Man* has outdone
your *German*, of whom you boaſted ſo much. Mean while the Dinner
was placed, and they ſat down to a ſumptuous Entertainment, where *Ba-*
con was honoured with a Place at the Table, and both the King and the
Ambaſſador highly commending his Art, made him liberal Preſents at his
Departure, of rich Things, for Money he took none.



C H A P. V.

*How Fryar Bacon determined a difficult Matter by his Prudence, and ſaved
much Bloodſhed among three Brethren that contended for their Father's Eſtate.
How he ſervèd three Thieves that had robbed him, and the Paſtime his Man
Miles had with them. How Vandermaſter in Revenge of his Diſgrace, ſent
a Pagan Soldier to kill Bacon; and how he converted him to the Chriſtian
Religion.*

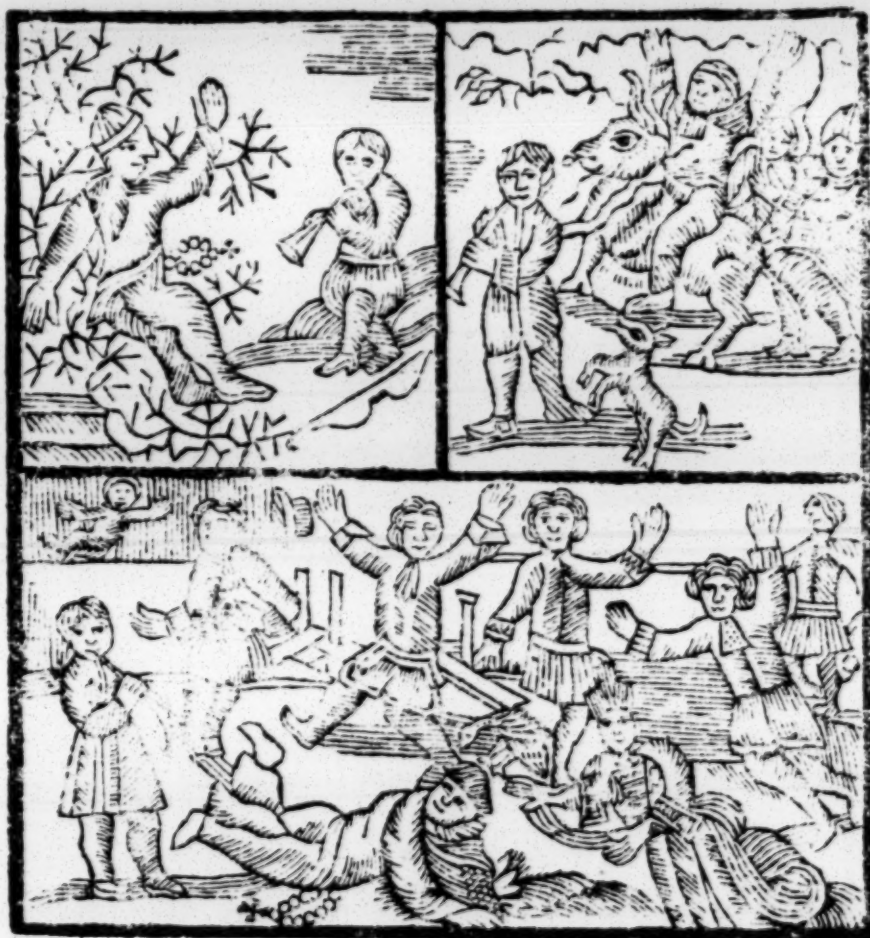
UPON the King's Return to *England*, there happened a ſtrange Con-
teſt between three Brethren, the Sons of a deceaſ'd Gentleman, about
the Poſſeſſion of an Eſtate; and the Will was left ſo intricate, that all
the learned Lawyers of the Kingdom could not decide it; for it run, That
he who loved him beſt ſhould have his Eſtate. Now they all pretended
to do this, and every one laid Claim to the Eſtate, not conſenting to di-
vide it. The King was alſo at a Loſs to determine it, ſeeing them ob-
ſtinate not to part it amongſt them; and therefore, as it was uſual in
doubtful Caſes, in thoſe Days, he allowed them the Combate; the two
Elder were firſt to enter the Liſts, and the Conqueror of thoſe two to
take

take up the Younger. *Bacon* being then near the King, and pitying such hopeful young Gentlemen should blindly, as it were, shed one another's Blood, he desired his Majesty, that the Cause might be referred to him, and he would decide it without Bloodshed.

The King immediately consented to this, and ordered the Combatants to be brought before him: *Bacon* was then by the King ordered to hear and determine the Matter; who hearing their Allegations and the Will read, caused each to prepare a Bow and Arrow, and the dead Body being taken up and set against a Post, he ordered them to shoot at it, and he that fixed his Arrow in his Heart, or nearest it, should be Master of the Estate. The Eldest shot and came very near; the next shot but came not so near, which made the eldest very much rejoice, and the other sorrowful: When the youngest came to his Turn to shoot, he threw down his Bow and Arrows, fell on his Knees, and with uplited Hands, desired God would put it from his Heart to be so barbarous to his dead Father, as to injure his Corps as his wicked Brethren had done: And thereupon a Flood of Tears gushed from his Eyes. *Bacon* seeing this, raised him in his Arms, and said, *Young Man, be of good Chear, now I plainly perceive who loved the Deceased best; the Inheritance I decree to thee, and long may'st thou prosper and flourish for this Pity towards the Deceased.* For this he was highly commended of all People, and received; though the two Brethren that found themselves disappointed in putting the Matter to his Award, went grumbling away, and cursed him in their Hearts.

And now it so happened, that some Thieves who had lurked about *Fryar Bacon's House*, hearing what Favour he was in with the King, concluded he must be Rich: And therefore one Evening seeing a Light in his Study late, they softly rapt at the outward Door of his Apartment. *Miles* being waked by the Noise, made no Scruple to let them in: But they no sooner entered, but he found himself seiz'd by them, and roughly handled, one clapping a Dagger to his Breast, and swearing, if he cry'd out, he would stab him; and so in great Fright carried him up with them to his Master's Study, to ask him to open the Door, which in the Fright he was in, he did. The Fryar seeing him and the rest, was a little startled, however, he recollected himself, and demanded of the Thieves what Boldness brought them thither at such a Time of Night, and what they would have? Says one of them resolutely, *We want Money, and that we will have.* Nay, says *Bacon*, *I am but slenderly now provided; you had better to have taken another Time for it.* They upon this swore, if he did not deliver them Money presently, they would kill him; all pointing their Daggers at his Breast. Well, says he, *Life is sweet, and seeing there is no Remedy, but you will have it, here is Money for you.* So he put each

each of them a Bag of Money into his Hand, with which they seemed to be contented. This done, he slipped an enchanted Pipe into Miles's Hand, and wished him to play Sallenger's Rounds, saying, *Gentlemen, now you have Money to make you merry, pray, for Joy of your good Luck, bear a Lesson of my Man's Musick.* Upon this, Miles began to play, and they to dance, twinging and beating the Bags of Money about each other's heads, not being able to let them drop, because they were enchanted to their Hands, bruising and battering one another's Faces at a strange Rate. Then Miles by his Masters's Order, went out at the Door, and they follow'd him dancing, as before, so that he led them through Quagmires, Bogs and Briars, till they cry'd out to him to pity them, and leave



off Piping, and they would give him all the Money again: But he regarded it not, as knowing he should have it without their Consents, and what else they had to boot, leading them still on, until they were almost dead with Weariness, Wet, Mire, and loss of Blood, by scratching in the Bushes; and when at any Time he left off, they fell down in a profound Sleep; but his Pipe soon raised them, and to Dancing they went again.

again. At last, finding himself tired, he left off, and they fell into a profound Sleep, when he not only took from them his Master's Money, but rifled them of all they had unjustly got elsewhere, which he put in his own Pocket, to make merry with his Holtefs; and gave them this farewell Song.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. You Rogues that honest Men would spoil,
 See what you get thereby;
 I now have you within my Toil,
 But yet you shall not die.</p> <p>2. Live to Repent, you Villains all,
 Well serv'd to your Deserts;</p> | <p>May to all Knaves the like befall,
 That rob true honest Hearts.</p> <p>3. But, Oh! your Drabs when they do find
 You with an empty Purse,
 Will think you not your Business mind;
 Oh! then, how they will curse.</p> |
|---|---|

Miles hereupon left them in a miserable Pickle, and returned to his Master, delivering him his Money, who heartily wished it were in all honest Mens Power to serve Knaves at the same Rate.

You heard how *Vandermaister* was sent by *Bacon* into *Germany*: This made him meditate Revenge, and not knowing how otherwise to compass it, he sent a desperate Villain, who had been nursed up to Blood



and Slaughter in the Wars, to kill him. The Fryar by his Art found some Muchief threatened him, and therefore grew careful of himself, and left

lest it should surprise him sleeping, he held a Brass Ball in his Hand over a Brass Bason, which when he slept, dropt, and waked him with the Sound of its falling, and did so just as the Soldier had got an Opportunity to enter his Chamber, and was drawing his Sword to kill him by Surprise. At this Bacon startled, and seeing the Man look fierce and grim upon him, with the waving of his Wand, struck his Arm lame, so that he could not use his Sword. Then he asked of him, what he designed, or who sent him. All the whole Matter he hereupon confessed, and that he was to have fifty Crowns more than what he had received in Hand, when he had killed him. *Why, says Bacon, hast thou no Religion or Conscience, that thou canst be hired to do Murder? Religion or Conscience, says he, are Things I am not acquainted withal, I am a Villain and Murderer, for Hire is my Trade, and it makes me wonder what makes me so tardy in killing thee, after I have murdered so many without Remorse.* As he spake this, he endeavoured to strike him with his Sword, but could not: Then said Bacon, *Have you not heard of Hell? No, says he, or if I have, I only take it for a Bugbear, set up by you Priests to frighten Children and old Women. Well, said he, then I will shew you it for a terrible Example;* and thereupon he conjured up the Ghost of Julian the Apostate, in a burning Chair, torn with fiery Whips and hot Pincers, by many Fiends, who lamentably crying out, confessed he had to gratify his Desires on Earth, in being made an Emperor, renounced Christ and the Joys of Heaven, for which he was thus deservedly tormented in Hell, and so vanished. This dreadful Sight struck such Remorse on the Russian's awakened Conscience, that he fell at Bacon's Feet, begg'd his Pardon, and desired him for all Love to instruct him in the Christian Religion, that he might not come to the like Torment, which he promised to do, and performed; so that this wicked Wretch having a true Sight of his Sins, became penitent, and going to the Wars in the Holy Land to fight the Christian Cause against the Infidels, was there slain.

C H A P. VI.

How Fryar Bacon put a Trick upon an old miserable Usurer, for an hundred Pounds. How Miles conjured for Meat; and the comical Trick he play'd with his Landlady and her Gallant. How he after conjured in earnest for Money; and how the Devil caused him to leap from the House-Top, and broke his Leg: With other Matters.

FRYAR Bacon hearing of a miserable griping old Usurer, that lived in Oxford, who was so far from relieving the Poor, that he would not allow himself Necessaries, therefore resolved to put a Trick upon him,

so filling a Pot with Cockle-Shells, he so enchanted it, that it appeared to all the Beholders to be Gold: Then going with it to this close-fitted Fellow, he told him, That digging in his Garden he had found a Treasure, as he supposed, for he thought it Gold, and desired his Judgment in it. The old Miser, who verily believed it to be so, dissembled, saying, *he believed they were only Medals of the Roman Shield, fashioned into Coin, gilded; however, they might be of some Value.* Well, said Bacon, you know better than I: *What will you give me for them? How many Pieces are there?* said the Usurer. *Why,* said the other, *a Thousand.* Then said the Usurer, *I will give you an hundred Pounds: I may oblige some Court Favourites, by making Presents with them, otherwise they are of little Value.* Well, said Bacon, you know best the Value, and how to dispose of them; give me as you please. The Usurer immediately fetched the hundred Pounds, and hugged himself for Joy, concluding he had got nine hundred Pounds by the Bargain. Bacon received it, and liberally distributed it to the poor Scholars, bidding them pray for the Soul of old Scrapegood, for so the Usurer was called, for it was his Bounty. They wondered and were overjoy'd, failing not where-ever they met him kindly to salute him, pray for him, and commended his Charity; which made him more admire, because before, no body had ever spoke well of him: But the Matter was not long in unriddling, for the Charm being dissolved, he going to view his Gold, found it Cockle-Shells; whereupon, ready to hang himself for being so imposed on, away he runs to Bacon, threatening him with the Law, and calling him a thousand Rogues; but he only laughed at him, saying, *Since himself had not the Heart to distribute Charity, he had done it for him, as he might perceive by the Civilities of the poor Scholars towards him.* Upon this, he flung away in a great Rage, vowing Revenge.

It happened one Time, Miles, Fryar Bacon's Man, had been to visit some of his Companions a great Way from the City; and staying tippling, was belated, so that he could reach that Night but half Way home, and so went to a House, where his Master was very well acquainted with the Good-man, to beg a Lodging; but he was gone abroad, and not to come home that Night: The good Woman scrupled it, saying, *her Chastity and Reputation would suffer, if in her Husband's Absence a Man was entertained in the House.* But Miles begged so heartily, that agreeing to be locked into his Chamber, she consented, but offered him neither Meat nor Drink. He had not been long there before he heard a soft Rapping at the Door; which being opened, in came a Neighbour, and brought with him a roasted Capon, white Loaves, and a Bottle of Sack. The Cloth hereupon was spread, and as a Prologue or Grace, he fell stoutly to kissing the good Woman, telling her, in her Husband's Absence he was come

to lie with her all Night, lest Hobgoblins should affright her. Hereupon she gave him a Kiss, and said he was kindly welcome: But just as they were going to fall to, there was a loud Rapping at the Door. O! says the Woman, *this is my Husband's Knock, creep under the Bed quickly.* Then she whelmed the Meat under a Tub, and planted the Bottle behind the Chest, and so opened the Door. The Good-man of the House coming in, said, *He had forgot the Money he was to have carried with him, which made him return before half his Journey was ended, but he must be gone early in the Morning.* Then said he, *I am very hungry; what have you got, Wife?* Truly, said she, *Nothing; you know I provide not for myself, and I little expected you to Night.* Upon this, Miles, who had seen all through a Crevice, said, *Goodman Delver, let me out, and I will help you to a Supper, by my Art.* The Good-man knowing his Voice, and being told on what Occasion he came thither, commended his Wife for her Care, and let him out. Then Miles pretended to conjure, uttering many icramp Words; then says he, *My invisible Spirit presents you with a Capon, and white Loaves, from the King of Tripoly's Table.* Ay, but where is it? says the Good-man. *He has,* says Miles, *placed it under that Tub.* Which being removed, the Capon and Loaves appeared. Now, says Miles, *some good Liquor will do well with this, his next Errand shall be to the Canaries for a Bottle of Sack:* And he in a little Time bid the Good-man look behind the Chest, and out he drew the Bottle, and so they sat down to eat merrily: But the good Woman's Stomach was so full for Anger, she could not eat a Bit, pretending Sickness, and for fear Miles, after all this Waggery, should discover all.

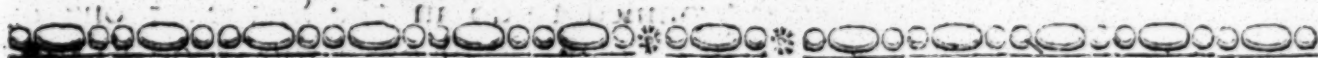
After they had eaten, the Good-man desired to see this catering Spirit in a visible Shape; which Miles promised to do in the Shape of one of his Neighbours, not to terrify him; but he must open the Door to give him Passage, lest he carried away a Side of the House, and cudgel him soundly, lest he haunted it afterward. Then pretending to conjure again, whispered to the Fellow under the Bed to make his Escape; for now was his Time, if he intended to save his Bacon. The Man hereupon in much Affrightment crawled out, and tho' he hasted as fast as he could to escape, received divers severe Rubs on the Shoulders, and so rubbed off, disappointed of his Supper, and of the Enjoyment of his Mistress. Well, says the Good-man, *he is gone, many Devils go with him: But if you had not certified me that he was a Spirit, I should really have taken him for my Neighbour Cutbeard the Barber, he is in all Parts so exactly like him.* O Sir, says Miles, *be satisfied, for a Spirit can take the Shape of any one he pleases.* So having supped, they went to Bed, and next Morning took friendly Leave of each other.

Miles.

Miles came Home, and all his Money spent in Rambling, finding by Chance his Master's Study Door open, got his Book, and to the Top of the House he went with it, and there would needs conjure for Money. After he had read a few Charms, the Devil came in a frightful Shape, and demanded what he would have; but *Miles* affrighted, made no Answer. The Devil hereupon began to spit Fire in his Face, which made him run about the Leads like a mad Man, and the Devil bellowing after: When *Miles* perceived he was just at his Arse, the Fright caused him to leap from the Top of the House; in which Fall he broke his Leg, and



roared out horribly; so that *Bacon* coming to see what the Matter was, there he perceived the Devil on the Top of the House, throwing down Fire at him, but he immediately conjured him away; and upon *Miles*'s Promise never more to meddle with any of his Books, he sent for a Surgeon who healed his Leg.



C H A P. VII.

How Fryar Bacon helped a Gentleman to his Sweet-heart at the Point to be married to another. How Vandermaster challenged Bongy to conjure with him; the Wonders they performed, and how the Devil destroy'd them both. How two young Men slew each other upon seeing Bacon's Magick Glass, for which he broke it, burnt his Books, and soon after died a great Penitent.

A Gentleman in *Oxfordshire* being greatly enamoured with a young Gentlewoman, after long Courtship got her Good-will, with the Consent of her Father: But whilst every Thing was preparing for the Marriage, a rich Knight, who had a Mind to the young Lady, prevailed with

with the covetous Father to break off the Match and marry her to him. The young Gentleman was much grieved at this, and so was the Lady, for she had now settled her Affections entirely on him, and was much averse to the Knight's Courtship; whereupon he consulted Fryar *Bongy* how to get her, promising him a great Sum if he accomplished it. *Why*, says he, *do but get her and her Father to ride with you abroad in a Coach, and which Way soever they direct, or design to go, I will so enchant the Coachman and Horses, that they shall directly pass to such an old Chapel, where I will be ready to marry you.*

This the Knight resolved to put in Practice, and it accordingly proceeded to far, that they did come to the Chapel, found the Fryar there, and the Marriage was proposed; whereupon the young Lady, seeing herself betray'd into a Snare, with pitious Cries calling on the Name of her true Love, fell into a Swoond. Whilst these Things passed, the Gentleman had been at her Father's to look for her, and hearing with whom she was gone Abroad, fearing the worst, hasted to Fryar *Bacon*, and implored him by his Art to let him know the Truth of what had happened, that if he had lost her, he might lose his Life also; for he would not live without her. Then in his Magic Glass he shewed all that passed: He saw



them forcing her to marry against her Will, which cut him to the Heart: But *Bacon* comforted him, saying, *he would hinder it, and he should have her notwithstanding.* Then lifted on his enchanted Gown, they rise, and came to the Chapel as they were joining Hands: *Bacon* immediately struck *Bongy* dumb, and cast such an horrible Mist in the Chapel, that they could not see each other: Then *Bacon* led out the Bride and married her to the Gentleman.

tleman at the Chapel Door, to their unspeakable Joy; after which, he conveyed them many Miles distant, so that they bedded, and lived many Months together before they were found out by the Father and Knight: And upon *Bacon's* Intercession a Reconcilement was made, so that they enjoy'd many happy Days.

After this, *Vandermaſter* the German Conjuror came over into *England*, and not daring to venture on *Bacon*, he thought to be revenged on *Bongy*; so he privately challenged him into a Wood, to conjure, thinking to make his Spirit to destroy him. They made Circles, and *Vandermaſter* raised a Dragon, which running round *Bongy's* Circle, threw so much Fire on him, that he almost roasted him. *Bongy* raised a Sea Monster, that with spouting Floods almost drowned *Vandermaſter*: And to destroy the Dragon, raised up the Spirit of St. George, while *Vandermaſter* raised up that of *Persæus*, to destroy the Sea Monster; and so they vanished. Then *Vandermaſter* raised up *Hector*; and *Bongy*, *Achilles*, who trained their *Greeks* and *Trojans* to the Battle, and fought so desperately, that the whole Element seemed on Fire: Thunder and Lightning, and such prodigious Storms ensued, that the People, for many Miles distant, concluded the World was at an end: And the Spirits growing too strong for these Conjurors and their Charms, broke into their Circles, and tore them in a thousand Pieces, scattering their Limbs about the Fields; and so ended they their miserable Lives.

Whilst this sad Accident happened, Fryar *Bacon* was shewing two young Gentlemen what a State their Fathers were in, in his Magic Glass, tho' they were at a vast Distance from them, and it unluickily happened at that Time the two Fathers being at Bowls, quarrelled about the Game, and fell to fighting, and one getting the other down, and offering to strike, one of the young Men said it was not fair Play, the other said it was, and so (tho' good Friends before) espoused the Quarrel with the same Heat as they had been present, and drawing their Daggers, stabbed each other, so that they fell down dead, ere the Fryar could prevent it; which grieved him extreamly, and caused him to break his Magic Glass, the rarest in the World, made by the Help of long Study and exquisite Art: and soon after hearing of the miserable Ends of *Vandermaſter* and *Bongy*, he called the Scholars together, declaring he had a long Time practised Magic, burnt his Books before them, to hinder others from doing it; shut himself up in a Cell, where he lived two Years lamenting for his Sins; and dug the Grave he was buried in with his own Nails; advising the Scholars to study holy Things, and not mind the Vanity of the World: At two Years end he died a true Penitent, having in his Life-time gain'd great Fame throughout the World. For your farther Satisfaction, we refer you to the History more at large.

he
ny
t:
n-

d,
y;
ke
a
orr
th
n,
r-
r-
nd
nt
n-
at
eir
r-

ng
o'
at
nd
e,
nd
at
r,
v-
in
on
ed
c,
n-
nd
o-
At
at
ou